

NOVEMBER 1973 Volume 7 Number 9

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Front cover – Klipspringer by Alice Kessler Back cover – Panda from National Zoological Park Smithsonian Institution



Distinguished Achievement Award Winner 1973



I give my pledge as a member of Ranger Rick's Nature Club

To use my eyes to see the beauty of all outdoors.

To train my mind to learn the importance of nature.

To use my hands to help protect our soil, water, woods and wildlife.

And, by my good example, to show others how to respect, properly use and enjoy our natural resources.

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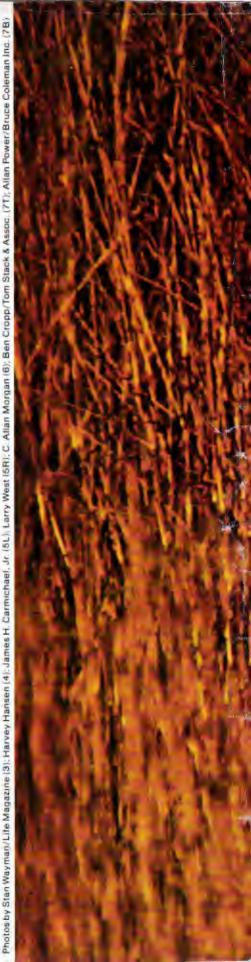
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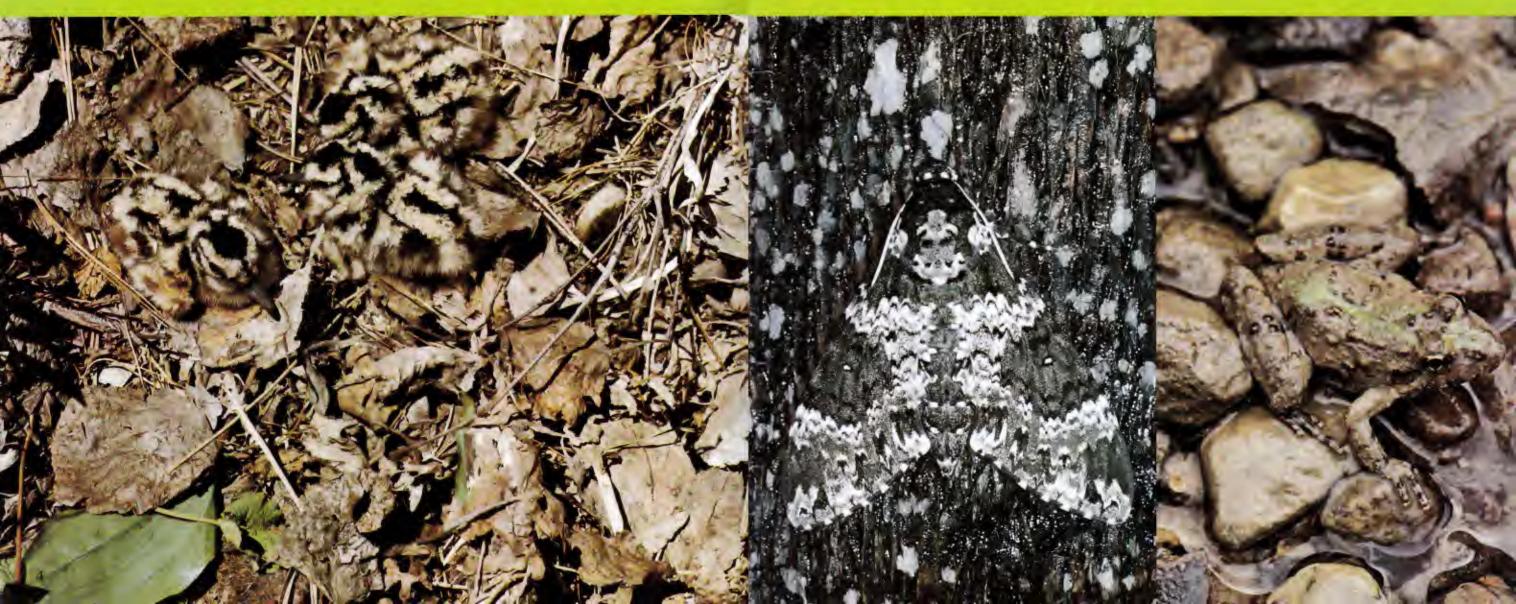






Did you find me hidden in the grass on Page 3? I was using one of nature's "tricks." Some creatures seem to disappear when their colors and patterns match their surroundings. This helps predators like me to creep up very close and surprise our prey.

Of course, lots of the animals we hunt fool us predators with the same trick. If they keep very still we often go right by them. If you were a hungry predator, would you spot the baby woodcocks, the moth and the frog shown in these three photos?









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Draw the outline of your favorite animal on stiff cardboard and cut it out. From the household scrap bag pick out bits and pieces of cloth that no one has any use for. Cut 2 pieces of cloth a little larger than the animal. Spread one side of the cutout with all-purpose white glue and press a hanging loop of thread into the glue near the top center of your cutout.

With the right side of the cloth facing up, place it on the glue side of the cutout. Press down and carefully pull the fabric around the edges so there are no wrinkles.

Place the cutout under a couple of books to keep it flat while it dries—about a half-hour. Trim off the excess fabric. Do the same to cover the other side.

Rummage through the kitchen wastebasket. You just might find bottle caps, pieces of wrapping or aluminum foil for decorating your animal. Or you can glue on buttons, snaps or sequins. Place the animal between paper towels and put it under a book to dry. Now you're ready to try another creature.

Tapor Jowelry

Created by Frances M. Reed

To make the beads, get a piece of comic paper and on it draw triangles 1" wide at the base by 12" high. You can make different-sized triangles. The higher the triangle, the fatter the bead. The wider the triangle, the wider the bead.



Cut out a triangle. Put a round toothpick on the wide end and roll the triangle tightly around it. When you are about an inch from the tip of the paper, spread some all-purpose white glue on the paper. Continue rolling, keeping the narrow point in the center of the roll. Leave the toothpick in the bead and stick it into a bar of soap or a piece of styrofoam until the glue has dried.

Coal the bead with a small amount of clear nail polish. When all the beads have dried, string them on yarn, a shoelace or heavy thread. You can make knots in between for decoration—or search the wastebasket for something suitable. Try making a matching bracelet.



TO THE

THE BUTTON

No n

ellow !!

ANIMA

WHITE

Created by Beverly Purcell

Cut the used aluminum trays into the shapes you need with paper scissors. Glue the pieces together with either rubber cement or epoxy glue. To make marks on the pieces of aluminum for the feathers and other areas, use a dull pencil or a used ball-point pen. Pieces of heavy-duty aluminum foil, buttons, old jewelry or seguins can be used to decorate your design or to make it more lifelike. Don't discard the parts of the trays that have burned-on grease. Your design will have a silver and gold touch if you use them. On the owl, the crimped edges of a tray form its feet. The End







by Lee Stowell Cullen

Ling Ling and Hsing Hsing (Shing Shing) are not really bears at all. Most scientists believe pandas are related to raccoons. This lovable pair were given to the American people by The People's Republic of China in April, 1972. Ling Ling, the female, is about three years old. Hsing Hsing, the male, is a few months younger.

In their new home at the National Zoo in Washington, D.C., the two pandas delight visitors with their clownish behavior. Ling Ling likes to show off, while Hsing Hsing's favorite "sitting spot" is right in the middle of his bamboo pot!

Bamboo is a favorite food along with rice gruel. The pandas also munch on apples, bananas and carrots. Sometimes, when their cages need cleaning, the keepers lure them out by offering them bread covered with honey, which makes them seem quite bearlike, doesn't it?

Even though their outside playgrounds are separated by a fence, Hsing Hsing seems to try to amuse Ling Ling with a rubber ball which he rolls around and around. Ling Ling watches almost every move. Sometimes though, she lies as close to the fence as possible and covers her eyes with her paws. Every now and then, she takes a peek.

With only two of these giant pandas in the United States, the keepers hope that when the pandas mature, they will mate. Wouldn't it be nice if Ling Ling and Hsing Hsing had cuddly twins?

Please turn the page



OLLIF OTTERS

Q. What has 8 legs, 6 eyes and 2 wings?

A. A man riding a horse with a parrot on his head.

-Eric Wolf, Brooklyn, New York

Q. How can you change a pumpkin into another vegetable?

A. Toss it in the air and it will come down squash.

—Scot Parker, Escondido, California

Jeremy: My brother fell from a 12 foot tree.

Kim: Did he get hurt?

Jeremy: No, he had only climbed up 2 feet!

— Diane Dahl, New York, New York

Q. Why does a spider spin a web?

A. Because he can't knit one.

-Ken Oleskow, Schumburg, Illinois

Q. Why do dragons sleep in the daytime?

A. Because they like to hunt knights.

-Robert Gibson, Rochester, New York

Q. What do you call a monkey that sells potato chips?

A. A chipmonk.

-Jeff Ammerman, Yeagertown, Pennsylvania

Q. What always goes around a button?

A. A goat. (A goat always goes around a-buttin').

-Andy Patrick, Greenville, South Carolina

Q. What animals don't smell?

A. The extinct (ex-stinked) ones.

-Arved Ashby, Jr., Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Q. Why do farmers paint the inside of a chicken coop?

A. To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood.

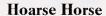
— Roy Navarro, Honolulu, Hawaii

Q. If you feed lemons to a cat, what do you get?

A. A sourpuss.

-Chuck Macomber

Drawing by Bill Barron



If my horse got a cold, And his nose was all runny, He would be a hoarse horse, And he sure would sound funny!

—Carole Craft, Conroe, Texas

The Otter

Did you hear The otter utter A request For better butter?

Since I have No better butter, I can only Let him mutter.

And I'll give him Some grape jelly Instead of butter For his belly.

-Lois Leurgans

He rocked the boat, Did Ezra Shank; These bubbles mark

> O O O Where Ezra sank.



Adventure 67 A Monkey in the Woods by Robert Brownridge

"Welcome home, Rick!" called Nurse Zelda Possum. "Am I glad to see you!"

Ranger Rick and his friends had just returned to Deep Green Wood from their trip to Idaho.

"We had a great trip and saw some fascinating things," said Rick. "But we're glad to get home. How have things been here?"

"Well, we've had some pretty strange things happening, Rick," answered Zelda, looking worried.

"So far, what I've seen of Deep Green Wood looks pretty good," said Ranger Rick. "Of course it's a bit colder now than when I left. I guess it'll take awhile to get used to again."

"You know, Rick, we'll soon be ready for winter," said Becky Hare. "Our eoats are getting thicker and in some cases our fur will soon change color."

"Oh, boy! Pretty soon the woods will be covered with snow and we can have some great snowball fights. My slide will be working too," said Ollie Otter happily.

"But some animals aren't as well suited to cold weather as we are," said Zelda seriously.

"That's right," added Sammy Squirrel quickly, "like some of the animals we met in India. It never gets very cold there so they don't have to worry about freezing weather."

"I can tell by the way you look that you're not worried just about the weather, Zelda," said Rick. "What's the matter?"

"When it first got cold," said Zelda, "a lot of stray animals began to arrive in the woods. Many were dogs and cats that people around here kept as pets during the summer. Before the people went home for the winter they turned their pets loose. Now these animals have to live on their own."

"That's a *terrible* thing to do!" said Rick.
"The animals learn to depend on their masters for food. Then they are suddenly pushed out in the cold to live by themselves."

"I've been taking care of several of them. Some hadn't had a good meal in weeks," continued Nurse Zelda. "It's really sad, Rick, but two days ago an even sadder thing happened. A monkey wandered into the woods. He was starving and almost frozen."

"How in the world did a monkey get into Deep Green Wood?" asked Rick amazed.

"It's a long story, but why don't you come

over to my place and let the monkey tell you," suggested Zelda.

Rick and his friends ran through the woods and soon came to Zelda's home. They could hear the poor, sick monkey coughing. They all crowded into Zelda's living room. The monkey was wrapped in a blanket, but he was still shivering. He looked miserable.

"How are you feeling, Chico?" asked Zelda. "A little better," said the monkey weakly. "That acorn soup you gave me tasted good."

"This is Ranger Rick and these are some of his friends," said Zelda. "I told them about you and they're going to try to help you."

"I could use some help and so could a lot of my friends back home in South America," began Chico. "I'm a capuchin monkey from Ecuador, which is right on the equator. The weather in the jungles there is very warm and we always had plenty of food. Then one day some men came and caught about ten of us with nets. They put us in cages and then onto a big ship. There were snakes and beautiful birds and many other animals with us.

"When we arrived here I was bought by a family who took good care of me for awhile," continued Chico. "One day, though, they must have gotten tired of caring for me. They didn't want me anymore. The parents called the zoo to see if they would take me, but the zoo already had too many monkeys.

"Finally I heard them telling their children that since they could not find a home for me, they would set me free in the woods where they thought I'd be happier.

"They were right on one point. I sure would be happier in the woods, but not these woods. It's so cold and I'm just not used to it. I can't even find the kind of food I need."

"I just don't understand people," said Zelda. Shaking her head she went to refill Chico's soup bowl.

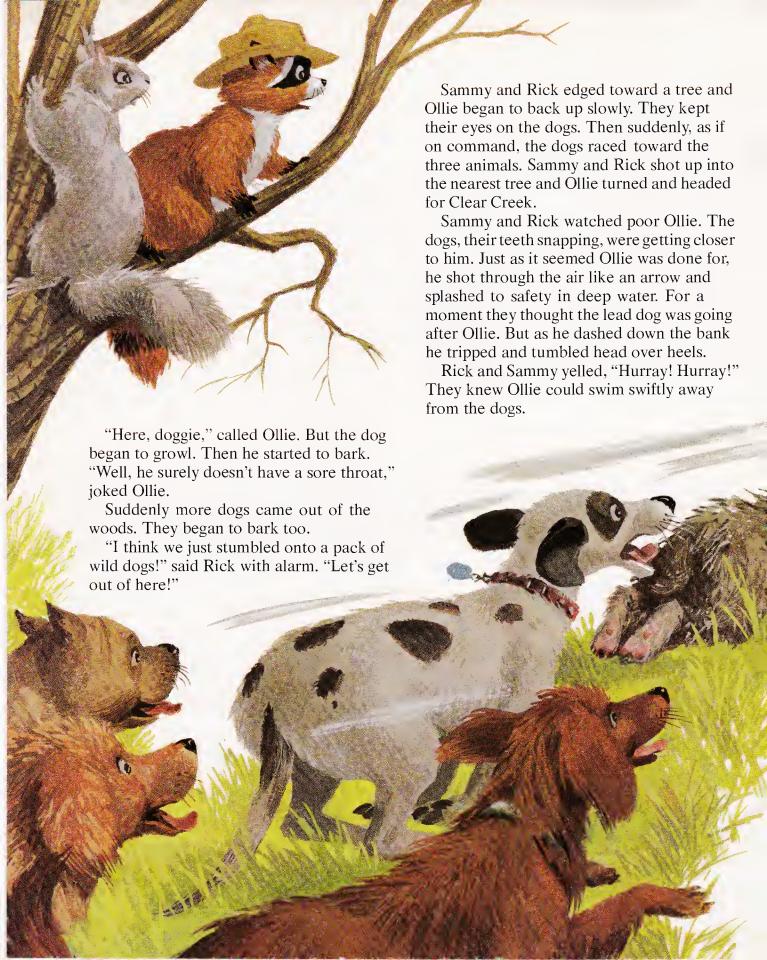
Rick turned to the other animals. "Let's go see Ranger Tom. Maybe he can help us. There *must* be a place where Chico can stay."

"I'll wait here with Zelda," said Becky.

Ollie, Sammy and Rick started off to see Ranger Tom. They had gone only a short distance when they saw a big dog on the path ahead of them.

"Must be one of those stray dogs," said Sammy. "Poor thing. I'll bet he's sick and hungry." Please turn the page

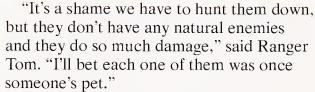




The other dogs were so close behind that they all skidded together and ended up in a snarling, fighting pile. Each dog must have thought he had hold of a tasty otter. By the time they discovered they were biting each other, Rick and Ollie and Sammy were well on their way back to Zelda's place.

When they arrived, Zelda asked, "What's all that racket, Rick? It sounded like dogs!"

"It was!" said Rick. "They almost got us." When he had caught his breath he said, "Ranger Tom once told me that even people's pets chase and kill animals just for *sport*.



"Some of the dogs in the pack that chased us had collars on," said Sammy.

"Yes, they are the pets and after a chase they'll go home to a nice dinner and a warm bed," said Ranger Tom.

"Speaking of pets and homes for them," said Rick, "I need some help for a very sick monkey, Tom. He's here at Zelda's."

"A monkey!" said Tom in surprise. "After we round up the dogs, I'll come back for him. I think I can find him a nice home. He certainly doesn't belong in these woods.

"Be sure to tell your Rangers to be careful if they see stray animals. They can be dangerous, and should be reported to the game warden or humane society. Now I'd better see about those dogs."

The End

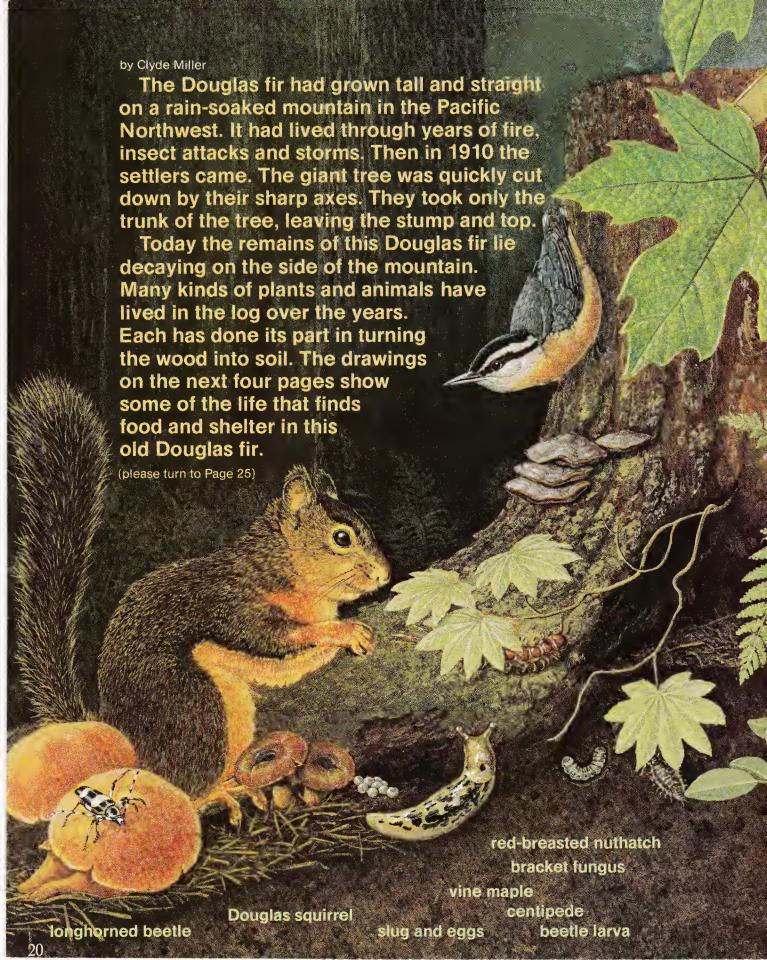
Sometimes they hunt with packs of wild dogs. It's really a shame their owners don't care enough to know what their pets are doing."

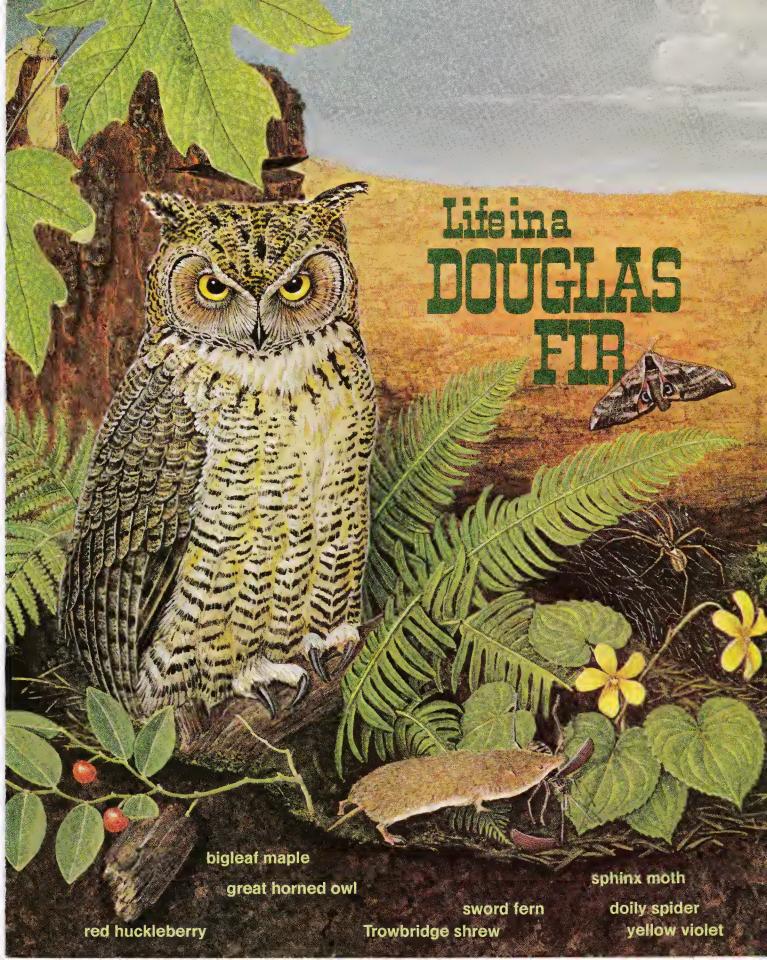
"Hey, Rick!" called Sammy, who had run up a tree to look around, "Here come Ranger Tom and some men with nets."

Rick and Zelda went outside to watch. The men were spreading out through the woods.

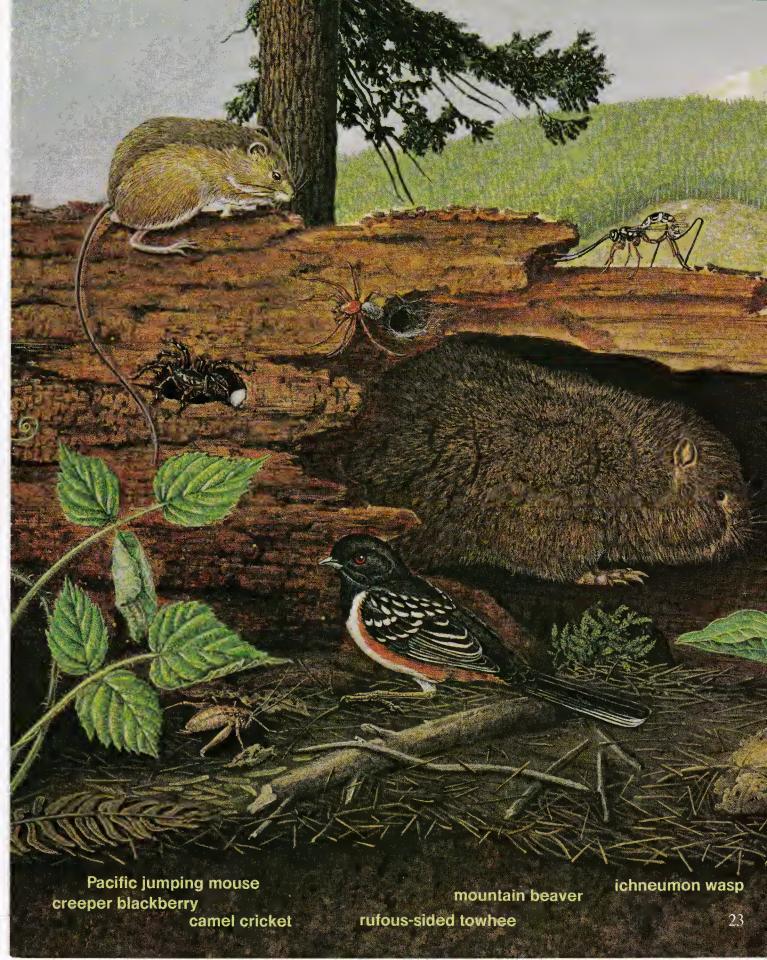
"Hi, Rick," called Ranger Tom. "Have you seen any dogs around? We heard a pack barking near here a little while ago."

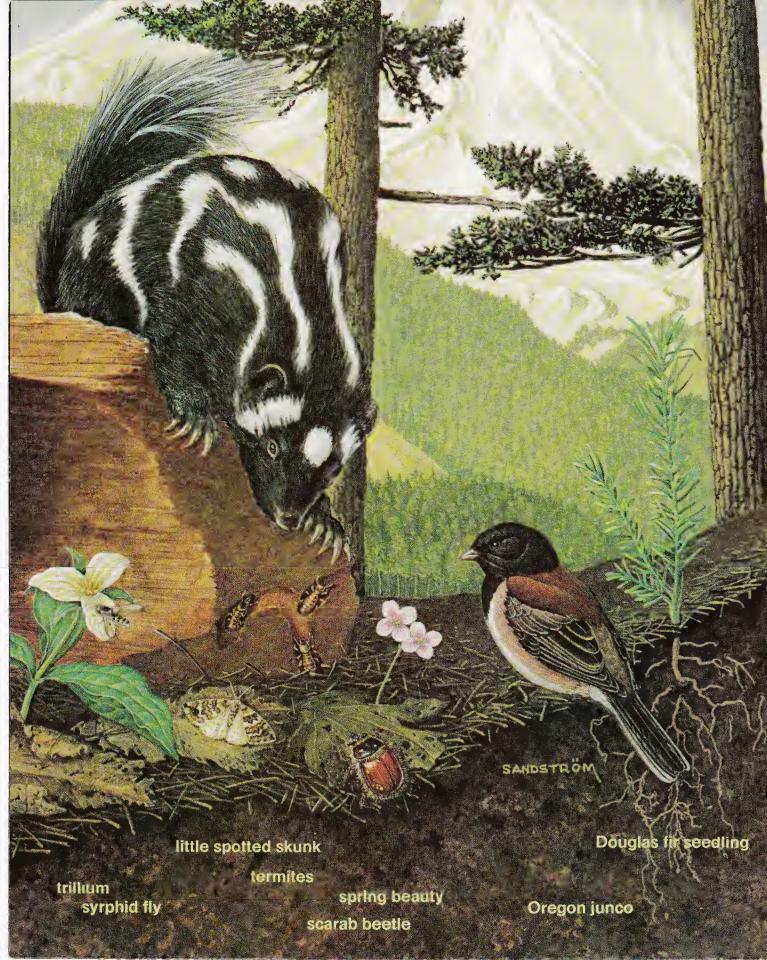
"Boy, we sure *did* see them! We got a real close look!" said Rick, his fur still ruffled.











Lie in a DUGLAS FIR (continued from Page 20)

Growing on the stump are oak fern, moss, a vine maple seedling, lichen and bracket fungi. The fungi get all their nourishment from the decaying stump and log. These plants help break down the wood.

Notice how the thick bark is missing from the lower part of the stump. Shrews, chipmunks and mice use these spaces for pathways and hiding places after other hollows fill with fir needles.

The white, wormlike creature buried beneath the stump is a **beetle larva**. The soil will protect it during the cold winter.

A **Trowbridge shrew** has caught a beetle. The shrew will leave behind only the beetle's hard wings.

The purple beetle is a **snail-eating beetle.** It may be the reason there are few **wood snails** around the log.

Carpenter ants tunnel into the log and build nests there. Termites eat the wood as they tunnel through the log.

The **millipede** looks like a worm with fringe around its sides. But close-up you can see it is a creature with two pairs of legs on each of its many segments, or body sections. Millipede means thousand-footed, but it really doesn't have that many. Its cousin, the **centipede**, can bite, but the millipede is harmless and is a good forest floor scavenger.

The pretty bush with the bright red berries is the **red huckleberry**. An Indian legend says the berry is unsafe to eat and that it is protected by a wood-demon who will make anyone who eats it disappear. Actually the berries are delicious and not harmful. You can usually find them growing near an old log like this one.

A Pacific jumping mouse has left its burrow under the log to search for food. It is risky for mice to hunt during the day. If the great horned owl sees him, it will be the mouse's last hunt.

Cracks and holes in the damp wood are the homes of **spiders** and their **egg cocoons**. The baby spiders will hatch from the eggs and later leave the cocoons. The cocoons of many spiders look like tiny bits of cotton.

The cricket with a humped back is a camel cricket. It spends its time in dark, damp places and doesn't have wings. It, too, is a scavenger. It eats the decaying wood and helps turn it into soil.

A mountain beaver peeks from the hollow in the log. This hollow leads to the beaver's underground burrow and makes a good roof over the entrance. It is checking for predators before leaving to feed on sword ferns. This large gopher-like rodent isn't really a beaver. Also, it lives in valleys as well as in mountains in the Pacific Northwest. Maybe it's better to call it by its other name, sewellel (suh-WELL-ul).

The **little spotted skunk** often claws into the rotting wood looking for ants, beetles and termites. To a great horned owl a skunk is a good meal. These huge owls don't have a sense of smell, but they certainly smell after eating a skunk!

At the edge of the log is a large **scarab beetle**. What look like tiny tan bits of sawdust on its body are really parasites, living off the beetle's body fluids. It seems rather strange, doesn't it, that bugs would have bugs?

The End



Story and Photo by Henry C. Genthe, Jr.

Can you imagine a deep-sea baby buggy? What would such a buggy be like? Take a close look at this picture of a creature named *Phronima sedentaria* (FRON-eh-mah sed-en-TEAR-ee-ah). She is propelling herself and her babies around in a glasslike barrel, just as if the barrel were a baby buggy.

Phronima belongs to a group of animals called *amphipods* (AM-feh-pods). These animals have many feet. Phronima uses its feet for swimming, holding onto things and eating.

In the photo see how many parts you can find that are labeled in drawing. ►



Some close relatives of Phronima, such as the sand flea, live on land. But Phronima is a deep-sea dweller. It has huge eyes that let it see better in the twilight of the ocean. Its body is as clear as glass and it cannot be seen easily by hungry fish.

The "baby buggy" is one of the strangest things in the sea. It is actually the body of a creature called a *salp*. It is not much larger than Phronima and looks like a glassy blob of jelly, about an inch long.

After Phronima finds a salp, she slowly eats out the insides until it looks like a hollow glass barrel. Then she crawls inside and lays several hundred eggs against the sides. She then grabs the inside of the "buggy" with her holding-on feet. With the swimming-type feet on her tail she propels herself and her buggy full of eggs through the water.

After her eggs hatch she and the babies stay safely snuggled inside. They ride through the water until the babies are old enough to swim out. Many will soon find buggies of their own.

The End





The outside of the frothy nest soon hardens. The inner part becomes a liquid in which the tadpoles quickly hatch. After the eggs have hatched, the bottom of the foamy nest begins to soften. Sometimes they hatch in less than a week, but the tadpoles are safe. They are high above egg-eating fish and frogs.

The wriggling tadpoles push their way out through the nest and drop into the water below. For almost six weeks they live in the water, growing up as tadpoles. During that time they lose their tails and grow legs.

One fine day they leave the water and climb into the nearest tree. Up and up they climb. They hop far out to the tip of a branch. They arch their small bodies and spread their toes. Suddenly as though they had been doing it for years, they leap and glide down through the air on the wide webbed soles of their new green feet.

There are many species of flying frogs throughout southeastern Asia and down through Malaya. They are also found on the islands of Java, Sumatra and Borneo, as well as in Japan.

One species in Borneo glides on webbed feet that spread out to a size greater than its body. Another species in southern China and in parts of Malaya is large and brightly-colored. People worship it as a god and it is carried around on a sacred chair.

Most flying frogs build foam nests in trees, but one species in Japan hides its nests in underground burrows near water-filled rice paddies. In Ceylon the females carry their foam-wrapped eggs around on their bellies until the tadpoles hatch.

If you should ever happen to travel to one of these places, be sure to look UP. Perhaps you'll see a frog gliding through the air!

The End



Pretend that one of your parents works as a national park ranger.

Maybe you live in the mountains where snow buries your house in winter and where bears look in your windows in the spring. Or maybe you live in the desert and pack rats have started a nest in your attic. They are using pieces from one of your model cars as part of their building materials!

Maybe your dad is stationed in prairie country. You have buffalo to "mow" your lawn and a whole prairie dog town next door. Maybe you live at the beach or in the forest. Maybe you have lived in all these places. We have.

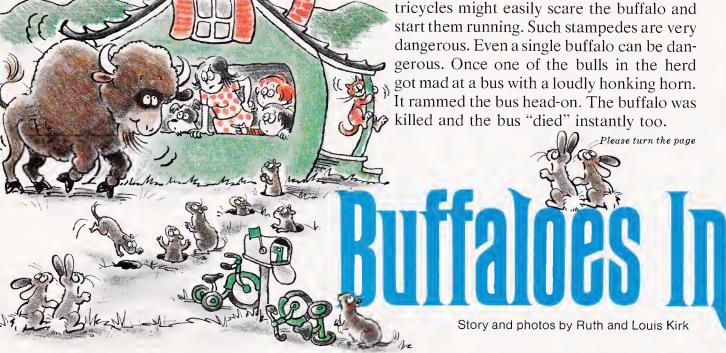
My husband was a ranger with the National Park Service, and our two sons, Bruce and Wayne, grew up with year-round nature right outside our door. That's what national parks are all about. They are samples of the beauty and variety of natural America.

Our first station was at Wind Cave, South Dakota. It was a national park because of a large cave that had sparkling crystals and long, pointed stalactites hanging down from the "roof" and stalagmites building up from the floor. These are rock formations common in limestone caverns. Outside the cave on the hills were herds of huge buffalobigger than the biggest cattle.

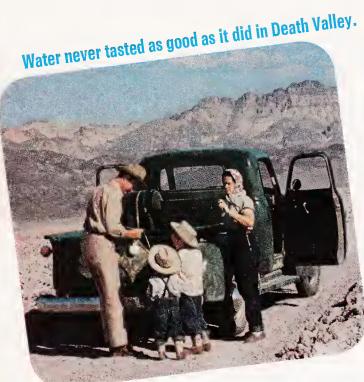
On spring mornings while snow still lay in patches in our yard, the buffalo liked to take turns rubbing against the corners of our house. It helped them get rid of the long thick fur that had kept them warm during the winter. For us, the rubbing felt like an earthquake. It shook the whole house!

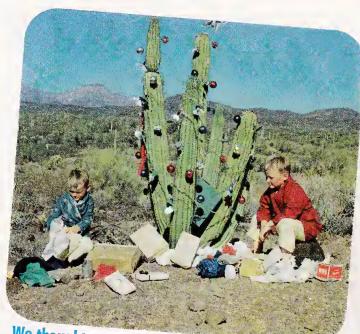
After the snow melted, the herd still came to our yard. I could hear the animals coming, but not by the noise of their footsteps. It was their rhythmic ripping of grass as they grazed, moving slowly toward us.

Whenever I heard that sound I quickly stopped what I was doing and called Bruce and Wayne in from play. Small boys pedaling tricycles might easily scare the buffalo and









We thought our cactus Christmas tree was really great!

Have you ever skied on your rooftop? We loved the station at Mt. Rainier where we could ski.



You change what you are doing to fit in with what the animals are doing. That's part of living wisely with wild animals. You can learn about their habits and understand their needs, but you can't expect them to understand yours.

From Wind Cave we moved to Death Valley, California. This is the hottest desert in the world and contains the lowest land in the Western Hemisphere (282 feet below sea level). Temperatures there climb to 134°F. One place in North Africa once reported a higher reading of 135°, but most meteorologists (scientists who study climate) say that Death Valley really is hotter overall.

While we lived in Death Valley the pages of our books turned dry and brittle each summer. They broke easily unless we were very careful.

The "cold" water that came out of the faucet in the kitchen was as hot as the hot water. The pipe from the spring wasn't buried deeply enough. It absorbed heat from the ground. However, the deeper layers of soil, down where burrowing animals have their dens, stay cool even in summer.

Riding inside the cab of my husband's patrol truck felt like riding around in an oven. But we had several tricks for overcoming the heat. My husband kept a bucket of water on the floor beside him and drove with his boots off. Every few minutes he would put his feet into the water. He also would wet a towel and put it on his head. This was cooling as it dried, the same way that sweat helps cool the skin.

In the desert it is important for survival as well as comfort not to use up body moisture. My husband moved the squirters for the windshield wipers to the inside of the glass. A touch of the button and everybody got a nice cool squirt right in the face!



Desert heat is as hard on animals as it is on people. A snake will die in a few minutes out in the sunshine, so most snakes wait out the day in the shade of rocks or bushes.

While we lived in the desert we stayed in a poor little shack of a house with lots of cracks. Once a snake came right in! That was very unusual because snakes usually try to stay away from people.

It was different with a gecko (lizard) that lived in the cool darkness under our porch. The gecko was about 5 inches long, with a fat tail and soft pinkish-brown skin. It would creep under our door at night and eat the moths that had come to our lights.

We watched it tiptoe close to a moth, then give a quick lunge and grab its dinner in its jaws. Next came a lot of blinking and gulping. Then the lizard would lick its chops like a happy puppy given a bite of meat from the dinner table.

Please turn the page

From the desert we moved to Mount Rainier National Park, in the state of Washington. Instead of summer heat, we suddenly had the beauty and joy of winter cold.

Sometimes the boys and I would go along on ranger ski patrols. It might be to check on the wildlife or to shovel off the roof of a cabin too heavily loaded with snow. We often had to climb through the second-story window of a cabin to get inside for the night. Sometimes we had to dig down through 10 or 20 feet of snow to find the door!

On these ski trips we had to watch out for buried trees. What looks like a pretty Christmas tree blanketed with white may be just the top of a tall tree. Snow packs loosely among its branches, and you can fall down

Rangers: Perhaps some of you may be thinking of a career in the Park Service when you grow up. Of course the Park Rangers can't do all the work that needs to be done in the thousands of acres of parklands. The Service needs secretaries, truck drivers, telephone operators, plumbers, electricians and many other people with special skills. Every job in the Park Service is handled through the Civil Service Commission in Wash-Ranger Rick ington, D.C.

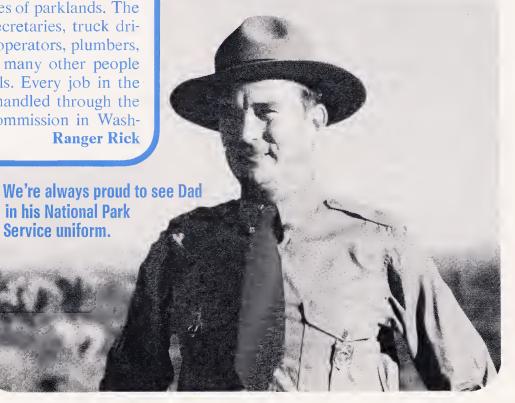
> in his National Park Service uniform.

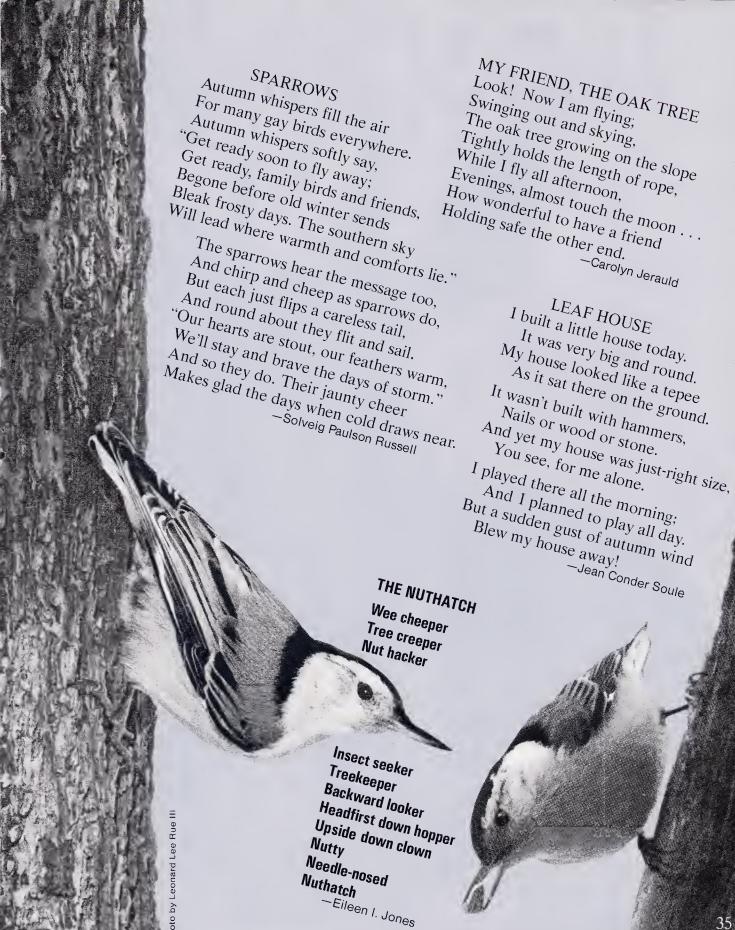
the tree. This can be serious. You may need a rope and someone's help to get back up. This is one reason why rangers warn people against skiing alone.

At Mount Rainier we had raccoons and skunks living under the house. At night they would fight over the warm spot beneath the oil heater. We would wake up to their wild chattering and bumping against the floor. Sometimes we could tell by another way that they were "arguing." Can you guess how? Remember, some of them were skunks!

Bats lived in the walls of that same house. They too "argued" at night. They made a sound that was a sort of half hiss and half squeal. For the first week I thought the noise was my husband's snoring and he thought it was mine!

No matter whether it was hot or cold, or if we shared our home with wild creatures. it was all a part of life at a ranger station. There couldn't be a better life-style for The End. growing up.







by Bob Gray

Tragus, the klipspringer, dashed along the face of a cliff, two bounds ahead of an enraged eagle. A few minutes earlier, the screaming eagle had swooped down on Tragus as he daintily nibbled the twigs and grass that made up part of the eagle's nest. Now the tiny antelope fled for his life. He seemed to fly up the cliff as he bounced from crack to outcropping to pinnacle. He used anything that offered a foothold.

At one point he came to a rocky surface that had been polished smooth by wind-driven sand. He paused for one brief moment. Then, hearing the eagle close behind, he leaped far out onto the surface. He bounced from it as a ball bounces from a wall, and landed on a nearby ledge.

A final soaring leap took Tragus to a slide area where he scrambled beneath a large rock—safe from the eagle's talons. With one last scream, the bird wheeled away and returned to the ruins of its nest.

Long after the eagle had gone, Tragus lay under the rock, his head held high, his senses alert. His powerful, thick legs were folded beneath him. His hoofs were unlike any others in all the animal world. Each had two long nails. They were so long that when Tragus stood, he looked as if he were balanced on his tiptoes. (See front cover.)

His hoofs were perfect for climbing and jumping among the rocks where he lived in eastern and southern Africa. The tiny 20-inch-high antelope could land on an area no bigger than a saucer. However, if he were forced down onto flat land, his narrow hoofs would sink into the sand. Then Tragus would be unable to run and would make easy prey. So he stayed high among the rocks and cliffs.

His short, stiff, olive-colored hair protected him from the rocks when he rubbed

against them. His keen senses of smell, hearing and sight warned him of approaching predators. All in all, he was well-adapted for the life he led.

Unlike most antelopes, Tragus did not travel in a large herd. He wandered alone or with a small group across the hillsides. He grazed on the tough grass that grew between rocks or stripped bushes of their leaves and bark. When he saw a bird's nest, he tore it apart and ate its grasses.

Mating time drew near and Tragus clambered onto a high pinnacle of rock. There he stood for hours awaiting a female klipspringer. When she arrived he bounded to her side. If he had to, he would fight other males for her by stabbing them with his 4-inch-long horns and slashing out with his long hoofs. For years he had been master of his mountain.

So long as he stayed strong and powerful, Tragus would win many females. But when he grew old, or should he become ill or crippled, he would be beaten by younger, stronger males. Then the strongest klipspringers would become parents. Their babies too would be strong and healthy, able to survive the tough mountain life.

The End



Photos by San Diego Zoo



MY TALKING TREE

Tree Outside, brown Eating green grass With bugs in it. Talking. - Mia Pisano. Age 5, Kent, Ohio

> - DAISIES Oh, how I wish I could kneel

> > d

n and

tell you a secret. But nature knows you're only made for looking . . .

at.

-Lisa Failer, Age 10, Flint, Michigan

Hi!

Guess what the 6th grade class at St. Clement is doing? They are taking pictures of a polluted place, then they are going to clean it up and take pictures of it clean and show everyone that 11-year-old kids care about our environment too. More people should do that. No one can bring back our beautiful environment once it's gone. Save it for the future generations. It takes years to grow trees.—Ruthie Pangallo, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

SUNSET

Sky of crimson red, Streaked with clouds of purple gray, It is beautiful. - Bret Beall, St. Louis, Missouri

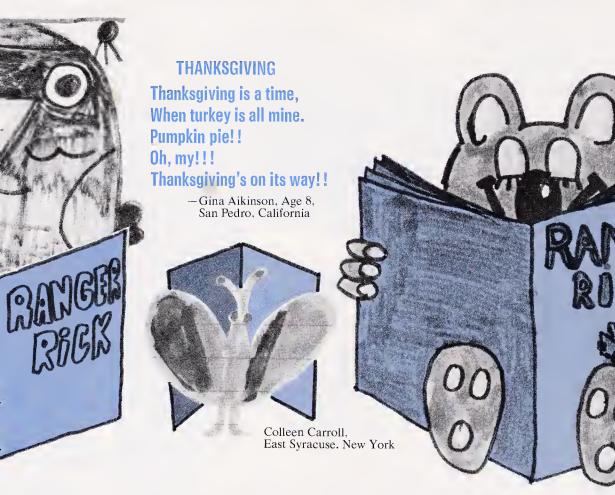
I wanted to go fishing, But something was missing; The water was so polluted, The fish had all scooted.

> -Robert Keibler, 5th grade, Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Sirs:

I am concerned about wildlife. I want to do something about pollution. In my home city we used to have a park called Dogwood Park. It had a very dense woods. Now since a new pool is in construction the woods have been wiped out! Tadpoles were swimming down the creek and a group of kids killed them! The pool caused disaster to us kids, not to mention the animals. I feel life depends on nature.

> Charlotte Fuchs, North Canton, Ohio



ECOLOGY

This land of ours is being spoiled; Our protests about it are often foiled; Litter is thrown all around; Pile by pile, mound by mound; What can we do to save our land? Everyone can give a helping hand!

Nancy Iandole, Age 12,
 West Boylston, Massachusetts

CLOUDS

Clouds I stare at you, yet I never see you in the same shape. I wish I could glue you in my favorite shape, but you have the right to be free.

Wendey Stanzler, Age 11,
 Flint, Michigan

Dear Ranger Rick:

Our class was talking about the way we use so much electricity. We are going to count up all the electrical appliances from our class and teachers and send it to an electric company. I just loved the January issue because there are 7 in our family and we could use some tips.—Brenda Arp, Oxford, Iowa

Fishy, fishy in the pollution,
I bet you hope they find a solution.
Your eyes are turning blurry red,
There isn't much time before you'll be dead.

—Tony Marino and Nyla Gardner,
Kittery, Maine

AFTER A FOREST FIRE

Black and silent is the world, Trees are dead and some are curled. Now wildlife is nowhere seen, Where just yesterday these leaves were green.

The animals have long since fled, And some are even lying dead. But that's the price we have to pay, For dropping a match some other day.

Or leaving a campfire to burn and burn, For maybe tomorrow you will yearn For nice green, beautiful forests, Will we ever learn? —Fayette Leatherman,

Healy, Kansas

Michiel Scager, Maarn, Holland

HOLLOW OAK BOOK NOOK

Dear Ranger,

A holiday glow is in the air and each day is busier than the next! But there's always time to read and enjoy more wonderful books about nature's world — from the lofty skies to the ocean floor.

Here are books to keep you company on chilly evenings, and to entertain you on stay-at-home days. Your friends will love them as holiday gifts. And don't forget your own favorites for your Christmas list!





Ranger Rick

THE GIANT PANDA BOOK

Anthony Hiss Illustrated by Greg and Tim Hildebrandt



Now you can become an expert on this little-known but lovable animal. Learn where giant pandas live, what they like to eat, what sort of mountains and forests they dwell in. The two giant panda cubs in Washington's National Zoo and their charming antics are affectionately described, too! 48 pages, 101/4" x 11%", ages 7-up.

62088-2GJ Non-mem. \$2.95 62088GJ Mem. Price \$2.35

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Here's a marvelous glossary that lists and explains nearly every creature you ever wondered about. From aardvark to zebra, they're all here in alphabetical order-colorfully illustrated, too! You'll have great times learning new facts about hundreds of animals in this lively, fun-filled book. 93 pages, 9½" x 12", ages 6-up.

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THE RABBIT'S WORLD.

Miriam Schlein Illustrated by Peter Parnall



Little snowshoe rabbit doesn't understand how the world around him can really be his. But when his coat turns white to match the falling snow he begins to see the part each creature plays in nature's world. A warm tale with charming illustrations. 32 pages, 83/4" x 71/2", ages 5-8.

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Raymond P. Holden



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63774-2GJ Non-members \$4.25 63774GJ Members' Price \$3.40

THE BOOK OF BIRDS

Elizabeth S. Austin and Oliver Austin, Jr.



Bright, feathered creatures from all over the world parade across the pages of this happy children's book. Beautiful color illustrations feature 299 birds. A lively text explores the fascinating family life of the North American species. A must for all you young bird lovers! 131 pages, 81/4" x 111/4", ages 10-up.

63658-2GJ Non-members \$4.95 Members' Price \$3.95 63658GJ

THE LORAX

Dr. Seuss

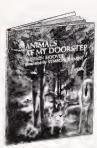


Here is your old friend, Dr. Seuss, with his colorful pictures and rollicking verse. In this funny book he introduces you to the greedy Once-ler, and spins a marvelous tale about conservation and pollution—and what could happen to our world if we become greedy like the Once-ler! 72 pages, 8" x 11", ages 4-9.

63498-2GJ Non-members \$3.50 63498GJ Members' Price \$2.80

ANIMALS AT MY DOORSTEP

Helen Hoover



Wouldn't it be fun to live in a little house right in the middle of a great woods and have as neighbors all the animals of the forest? Well this author does just that! Watch from her cabin door as bears, timber wolves and deer come close. Colorfully illustrated. 60 pages, 71/4" x 91/4", ages 5-8.

62720-2GJ **62720GJ** Non-members \$3.95

Members' Price \$3.15

THE DINOSAUR JOKE BOOK

Sam Berman



"Did you hear the one about the big dinosaur saying to the little one . . .?" Tickle your friends' funny bones with dinosaur jokes they've never heard! This hilarious book is packed with cartoons and jokes all about these prehistoric "funny fellows!" 48 pages, 8½" x 11", ages 6-up.

62935-2GJ Non-members \$1.95 62935GJ Members' Price \$1.60

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Margaret Waring Buck



When winter comes many birds fly south. But what about butterflies? Where do turtles go? You'll enjoy solving the mystery of what happens to your favorite animal and bird friends when cold weather sets in. Great illustrations of hundreds of winter habitats! 61 pages, 8" x 10½" ages 9-14.

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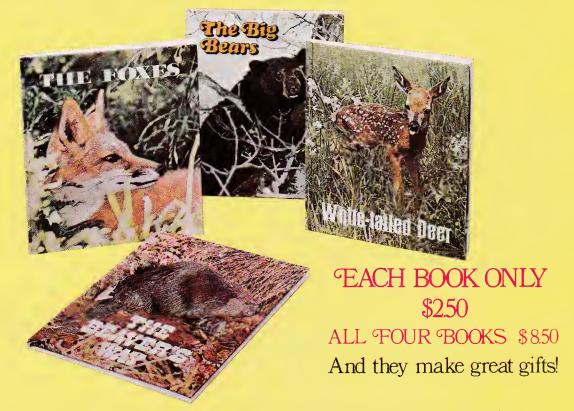
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HIRANGERS— HERE ARE EXCITING, NEW BOOKS ALL ABOUT FOUR OF MY BEST FRIENDS!

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Now you can discover the drama, mystery and true-life adventure of four of Ranger Rick's best friends. In these big, bright books you'll get to see where they live . . . what they eat . . . how they change from season to season . . . who their natural enemies are . . . how they escape dangers . . . who they're closely related to . . . plus lots of other exciting information about their life in the wild!

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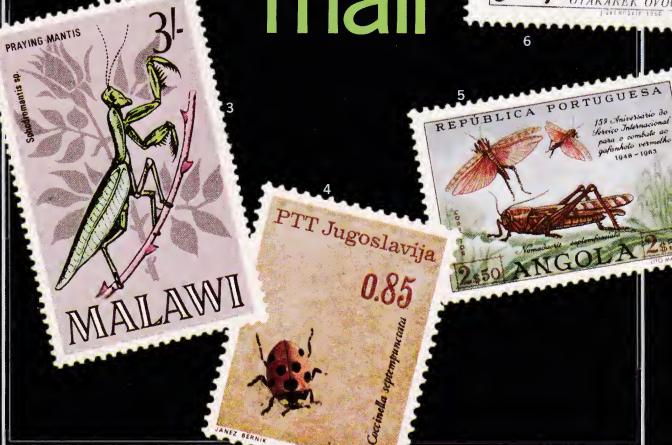
Ranger Rick books are informative and entertaining—the kind of books that are fun to read, exciting to look at and great to own. Why not enjoy the great drama of nature and discover animal facts that will make you a wildlife "expert" on Ranger Rick's Best Friends!

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insect. mail







7

by M. W. Martin

Pictures of animals, especially insects, are among the most common designs found on postage stamps printed by countries all over the world. Big well-marked moths, pretty butterflies and eye-catching beetles are often shown on stamps.

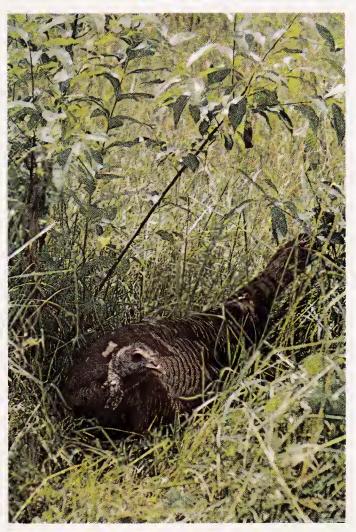
The postage stamps on these two pages are shown larger than they really are. If you are a stamp collector perhaps you have some of these and several more like them in your own collection.

Rangers: While we can't supply you with any of the stamps pictured here, you can send a \$1.00 donation to The National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16thSt., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, in return for a set of beautiful conservation stamps. R.R.



- 1. The stag beetle gets its name from its huge jaws that look like the antlers of a stag, or male deer. Their powerful jaws can give you a bad bite.
- 2. One of the largest beetles in the world, the Goliath beetle, is almost as wide as a man's hand. Children in Africa sometimes catch them and fly them around on the end of a string.
- 3. This African mantis is a close relative of the 20 kinds of praying mantis found hunting prey in North American gardens.
- 4. The common European ladybird beetle is one of 4000 kinds of ladybirds which destroy insect pests. Ladybird beetles help protect crops all over the world.
- 5. The migratory locust is a menace in many parts of Africa. This member of the grasshopper family—considered a tasty dish by some people—has destroyed crops for thousands of years.
- 6. Swallowtail butterflies are often shown on stamps. Giant swallowtails live in the tropics. The wings of one would cover this page.
- 7. The anopheles (uh-NOF-uh-leez) mosquito is often a carrier of the deadly disease, malaria. Anopheles are shown on postage stamps more often than any other kind of insect.
- 8. This butterfly is a member of a group of butterflies admired for their beauty throughout most of the world. Some countries have issued postage stamps showing only moths and butterflies.

 The End



by Tom Monser

A wild turkey hen scooped out a nest in the leaf litter under a dense thicket. It was at the edge of a woodland. This place would be her home for almost six weeks.

She usually laid one egg a day. It took about two weeks for her to lay thirteen eggs. Not until she had laid the last one did she sit on her nest and begin warming, or incubating, her eggs. It was important that all the eggs incubate the same length of time and hatch on the same day. Then the hen and her brood would leave the nest quickly so they wouldn't be found by their natural enemies.

A week of incubation passed. One day toward evening, the hen left the nest to feed and drink. Before she went she covered the eggs with leaves

and grass to hide them.

A few minutes later, a raccoon who was unable to catch any frogs along the shore of a creek, found the nest. He ate four eggs before the hen spotted him. She ran after the surprised egg raider, pecking him with her sharp beak. Quickly the wounded raccoon disappeared into the forest.

The hen rolled her remaining nine eggs over so that each would get just the right amount of heat from her body. Then she sat down on the nest.

The hen sits on her nest of eggs for 28 days. One by one, the poults break their way out of the shell. Each uses its egg tooth which is on the tip of the beak to crack the egg.





This one-day-old poult has wandered from its nest and the protection of its mother.

If the sharp eyes of a goshawk spot its movements, it could become the hawk's dinner.



She heard a rustling in the leaves nearby. It was a red squirrel looking for food. The unattended eggs would be tempting to the squirrel, so she stayed on the nest until sunset. Then she slipped off, covered the eggs and hurried away to find food.

Early in the morning on the twenty-eighth day of incubation the first baby turkey, or poult, hatched. By noon five more had freed themselves of egg-shell. As soon as they were dried they crawled out from under their mother and peered out through her wing feathers at the strange, new world around them.

It was a warm May day, quiet except for the noisy cawing of a flock of crows. By midafternoon the rest of the clutch had hatched. A few hours later, nine poults followed their mother toward the creek for their first drink of water.

For the next few weeks the poults snuggled under their mother's wings for shelter. If they became chilled or wet they would die. But it turned out that the long days of June were warm and there was enough food. The poults grew quickly.

A hunting goshawk flew low over the woodland, searching open areas for the slightest movement. It came to a clearing where the turkey family was feeding on insects. The hawk was so swift the hen didn't see it.

The goshawk dropped down, swinging its legs forward, delivering a bone-cracking blow to the smallest poult. It sank its talons deep into the poult's back. The poult's cries shattered the silence. Then suddenly it became limp. Before the hen could help the poult, the hawk flew away with its food.

All summer long the turkey family fed on tender grasses, insects, berries, snails and earthworms. By the time fall arrived beechnuts and acorns became part of their diet. Now they were almost full-grown. Even so, the little flock would stay together until the arrival of spring and the start of the mating season. The End

